

## Fortune's Fool

By ERNEST CARTER

TWO men sat talking in a corner booth of "the Sailors' Rest." The yellow and green checked tile set off by a colored shirt background of the one advertised a man devoid of taste and dignity, a man accustomed to prosperity in brief and fleeting portions. His companion was a shabby man, whose pale face was trenched with wrinkles, whose habitual frown had a little of the sneer in it; "I don't care a dam for anybody or anything," it seemed to say.

"Well, I didn't expect to see you here," the gaudily clad man leaned back as far as the wooden partition would permit and puffed contentedly at his cigar. "Sort of a come-down off of the high horse, ain't it? But you always did have a stock of funny ideas. Left a swell job at the 'labs' back home to go to some college, and a lot of good it did ya . . . Ha! ha! I guess, in the slack season, we're both a couple bums, ain't we?"

The glass of the shabby man stopped midway between the table and his lips. It dropped back to the table with a bang, the beer leaping wildly over its brim.

"Bum! what do you mean? Don't you dare call me a bum. Maybe I got a rotten break, but at least I never resorted to your blackmailing racket for my beer . . . Bum!" The bloodless lips curled. "Yes, that's the name you give to a fellow because he's been hounded out of society by damned profiteering folks who call themselves respectable . . . Bum! Who was the bum back home when you guys threw away your dollars as you made them in crap games or in the pool parlors, while I slaved at my job and hoarded every cent I could for an education? Did you care a good damn where you ate and how much you paid, so long as you satisfied your stomachs? I did; and the cheapest hash counter was good enough for me. Why man, I was in a different world from you fellows with my books and studies, while you lived from day to day like uncivilized Indians. And you call me a bum! I like that."

The flashy man shifted uneasily in his seat. "Aw, come on. I was only kidding you. Besides, you couldn't have gone ahead like you did if it hadn't been for your people. What chance did I have with my old man a cripple?"

"Partly right." The wrinkled face contracted, the lids dropped, and the body slouched over the table in thought. "Yeh, I guess my sister was a good kid after all. Left a business college and went to work at the factory . . . But hell, what's the use of an education to a girl anyway? They generally get married. Besides her salary helped me with my own fees a lot. She was a nuisance at times. Wanting to introduce her talented brother to her friends. People who knew nothing of what I tried to talk to them about, and pretended they understood all about subjects I'd spent years mastering. Ugh! Ignoramuses all. That's the curse of my life, having to live all my time among ignoramuses."

"But you had a chance, Rae, what us boys never had. You went to college."

"Yes, on the bounty of a mother and sister. I had to accept their help! Mother borrowed money, and sister handed over a little sum she'd been saving for a vacation . . . and I took that was forced to take it, for what else could I do? . . . But I did right in taking it. Nobody can deny that. Native talent I had just waiting to be developed, and this was the only means of getting some training."

"Oh sure, it was up to them to help you out."

"Well, there I was at college. Spending every minute I had on my studies and researches. God, but I was ambitious then. Too poverty stricken to go on any of the spree with the rest of the fellows, and blazing away at my work . . . Ah, under more favorable circumstances I'd have been a leader in my profession."

"Got into a row after that, didn't ya? Had to beat it quick, eh?"

The wrinkled face straightened and

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Daily Reporter  
Lands A Job

By BILL SELLAR

(A) AS HE DREAMS IT WILL BE

Into the editorial sanctums of the great metropolitan newspaper office walks Joe-Joe, the college newspaperman. All is hustle and bustle. Flashy, picturesque young men in collegiate-looking clothes and wearing dilapidated felt hats on the back of their heads sit around, pounding away at typewriters. Copy-boys are at their elbows snatching the sheets of copy from the machines as they fall to the floor and rushing them off to the composing rooms for the next special edition.

One or two reporters, blind drunk from their night off, lie in corners their work being cheerfully done by pals who realize that the paper must go to press and that they themselves will be demanding the same service from the present drunkards the next day.

On a bench off to the side sit many and varied leaders of finance, vice, and government; there, too, are notorious musical comedy stars, radio artists, prominent members of the police force waiting for various editors to beg for publicity or the lack of it, as the case may be.

A small boy rushes up to him, "Sit down and wait yer turn."

"But you don't understand," says Joe-Joe. "I'm from the McGill Daily. I know all about newspaper work. And I'm to take over a leading reporter position on the paper."

"Sorry, Sir," says the office-boy, "pardon my impudence, but y'know, there are so many persons in here all the time that we forget how to treat the real people. Wait a moment, I'll tell the city editor; he'll see you right away."

True enough, the city editor will see him. As Joe-Joe advances to the editorial throne, reporters stop their work, whisper among themselves. There is heard . . . McGill Daily! . . . wants a job . . . what a break for the paper! . . . and all that.

"A job? Certainly, Mr. Joe-Joe," exclaims the City Editor. "We always have vacancies for The Daily men. Let me see, what shall we give you?" he calls to an office boy. "phone McGinty at The Forum, tell him Mr. Joe-Joe is covering the National Hockey League from now on."

Whereupon Joe-Joe coughs a little uncomfortably. "Er-rrr, you see, I'd like something better than just sport. How about . . ."

"Sorry, Mr. Joe-Joe," says the City Editor again, SORR-EE, wait . . . I have it! Hey, Walker, has Johnston

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The Daily Wishes Its Readers  
A Very Merry Christmas  
And A Happy New YearA CHRISTMAS MESSAGE  
FROM THE PRINCIPAL

By the time our DAILY next appears we shall have said good-bye to 1932 and have welcomed the dawn of a new year. The one now drawing to a close has been one of increasing fear, anxiety and disillusionment. We are living in a very complex age. The world is in the throes of a mighty effort and the forces at work fashioning, shaping and altering the order of things are so vast and so intricate that there is no clear comprehension of the issue.

Nevertheless, wise men are not wringing their hands in despair about past errors or present troubles, but they are apprehensive about the future. They are hoping, and I believe confidently hoping, that the young men and women in our colleges and universities are being taught to appreciate the responsibility which is theirs to man our ship of state efficiently and intelligently, and courageously steer it through the turbulent waters now prevailing to the open sea of a new and better understanding.

Coupled with my unbounded faith in you to play the game of life fairly and squarely to yourselves, to your fellows and to your country, go my kindest wishes for Christmas and the New Year and my prayer that God will guide you in all your undertakings and grant you an overflowing measure of good fortune. As someone has said, "Keep your face to the sun, and the shadows will always fall behind you."

## MAIGRU

THE stone tower on the hill stood out against the moonlit sky as stark as a woodcut. Stunted, gnarled trees around the base were rustling and bowing in the night breeze like heathens worshipping a brute god. The moon shed a ghastly glow of white light over it all. Far down in the valley the bells of the Cistercian monastery tolled the death of another day.

To the dwarfed Maigrú, tolling up the wood-path with a trussed and half-unconscious body on his back, the pinnacle of stone was a welcome sight. Maigrú's burden was heavy; it was the well-caponed body of a merchant from Mainz, trussed with thongs, and bloated with drugged posnet, and his much flesh jogged awkwardly. But it was not the first heavy victim that Maigrú had carried from the inn to the tower on the hill. With a tilt of his strained neck and a peer from his pig's eyes he could discern the outline, black and sombre, of the deserted watch-tower deserted, that is, except for the keepers of the tower, Maigrú's rooks.

Celestial  
Snaggers

By Noji Fujimurashiki

To the Editor McGill Daily, who must not publish stories about the Xmas Sprites:

Dearest Sir:

I have much appreciate your ask of me to rite a story for the Xmas issue. It are true that I are extremely occupied at the Toki-yo-yo University of Orange Pekoe where I prepare I difficult essay on subject of "Religions," but I find time to prepare something for my friends of McGill Daily, 2 cents a copy.

Re that subject wich I rite about, it are very interesting and I can see good in all religions so long as they don't try to convert me to them same religions. At first I follow Shintoism because I have learn that at school—2 gose shinto 4, and 4 shinto 8. Later on I change my religion because I hear plaintive song what is called "My bud-dah," but that don't last long because I study Christianity and have pick up this wonderful story about Xmas wich I will relate at sum length.

The scene of this story is lade in Merrie England in them days of old when nights were cold and ladies most unfair. It seems that there was 1 huge castil surrounded by a mote wich provides the motive for this story. This castil was owned by a fellow named Sir Margrave de Horsefeathers what liked to love the ladies, so he was the original Knight in Heavy Armour. One day word is brought that a big party including the king and his court is arrive for to spend Xmas at yis castil so Sir Margrave is call together all his vassals and tell them to prepare food & lodging for the same guests. "Shal I bring up that potent wine from the cellar?" snivels a surly Knave. "Gadzooks, no," say Sir Margrave, "that wine gets the court drunk, so we can have no court plaster around here. Now you two fellows get your axes and go and chop a yule-log. We ain't gonna chop no yule-log, splutters these fellows, so Sir Margrave wisecracks back: "Yule do what you are tole."

About 3 days later all the guests arrive and one has such trouble because he forgot to put anti-freeze in the joints of his armor and it all froze up on him. However, they soon fix him up by plunging him in boiling oil which seems to be the custom at that time. At least it are appear that that is what he did to Sir Margrave—"Cussed him."

That night when each person is to go to bed, it appear that the yule log are not strong enuff to heat up all them rooms and all them gets crawl beneath their blankets as their only comforters. The King is feel so bad that he decide to make his will, and in order to keep warm in bed puts in 2 blanket clauses. Suddenly the King's daughter is run into his room and say "Father, this bitter cold is hurt my face and you know that it are my fortune. What shall I do?" "Go back to your room," effervesce the old fossil, "and it will soon be your frozen asset." How-

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Ha! those rooks had much to be thankful for. They were Maigrú's children . . . the sleek Diavolo, the fat Cauchon, the baby Frederick (the Emperor would like that one), the pious one he called Mere Marie—ha, they were loves, his servants. What mattered it that they were speckled with bloodstains that never wore off, and which gleamed so brightly on their dull breasts in the moonlight. They owed much to their Maigrú.

Maigrú, with his burden, reached the door of the tower. The merchant, moaning gutturally, was propped up against the wall. He was not now as heavy when he had come to the inn, mused Maigrú, peering evilly into the bloated face; no, the gold that he had lost had made him a much lighter bulk to carry. Maigrú saw himself glistening over the gold with the inn-keeper, his master.

The bells of the monastery again sounded up from the valley. Maigrú snarled, and a fear of that God he had never known disturbed his face. Gringingly he kicked open the iron door of the tower, and pulled the body into the gloom. The door swung to with a dead clang, and from the heights of the tower came the ruffle of heavy wings. Through the open sky-hole the moon poured in her beams like flowing silver from a ladle.

Up, up the narrow, flanged, stone steps went Maigrú with the victim. The steps went up in a circle about the inner wall to the ledge near the open parapet. A alp, and he would topple to the flags below. His hoarse breathing sounded eerily within the resounding walls, and his feet, shuffed, shuffed, Diavolo and Mere Marie were perched together on a buttress, the others were congregated upon the rotting timbers. Eyes—red, small and shifting—were intent upon Maigrú and his burden, but mostly on the burden. One or two dry croaks wracked the cold air. Wings stirred, and the birds moved closer to the chains hanging by the ledge.

Maigrú fastened the merchant to the wall. The fetters were rusted with blood, and gleamed like red-hot iron in the white light of the moon. Maigrú spoke to his rooks as he clamped the chains. "Ah, my Cauchon, always first to the feast you. This neckband will put him on his knees. You can still get at his throat. There, you see, I push it down for you! Frederick, my greedy bec-jaune, you are impatient, too? Ah, St. Theresa and Gorge, you too will have your feast before the banquet is set! There, my children, feed, and have a good thought for your Maigrú when you feed."

Maigrú stumbled down several steps then turned and glistened at the sight. Cauchon, always the first, was perched on the victim's shoulder. His evil beak drove into the soft temple of the fettered one. The closed eyes blazed open and a cry, stupid and throttled with pain and death, broke off in a gurgle. Exulting insanely, Maigrú made his way down the steps. The ripping of his flesh and the snapping of numerous bloody beaks was pleasant to his ears. And the thought of gold made his brain seethe.

The dawn was reaching with its first pale fingers about the hill-tower.

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## PERENNIAL BIRTH

Stardawn in Bethlehem!  
Beyond the empurpled summit of refulgent hills  
Pearl enwrought,

An opalescent glow diffuses silver gossamer  
Within the manger where the Christ-child lies,  
Weaving a shimmering halo round his head.  
The Magi bring their gifts, the Virgin's breast  
Thrills with maternal pride and holy fear  
To nestle in her arms the long-foretold  
Redeemer, Prince of Peace!

Christmas, throughout the world!  
Beneath snow-laden roofs whole families gather  
round.

Yule-log fires.  
The illumined trees, laden with joyous gifts, ignite  
all hearts

With love and transient generosity.  
Within each selfless soul is born again  
The immortal spirit of the living Christ.  
Each heart aglow echoes the natal chant  
Of deathless beauty, singing down the years—  
"Peace and goodwill toward men!"

—Gordon LeClaire

An Old Song  
Resung

The Jazz song writers very seldom get their due of praise, being rather remembered for their mistakes than for those flights of genius to which they, in common with all men, are heirs.

The greater number of readers will remember a song not too old to be within even the short memory of tea-dancers, entitled "The King's Horses and King's Men." Here are published for the first time a few of the crude renderings of this fine subject, from which the writer of the song in its complete form drew his inspiration. How much better the jazz version was than its imperfect origins. The reader is left to judge.

1.—Gertrude Stein  
The King's horses and the King's men  
Marched up the street, and then  
Marched . . . then they marched back again.  
Marched, marched, marched, marched  
Back again. Marched, the King's horses  
Marched, the King's men

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Commercial  
Christmas

TIME was when Christmas was a definite day in the year, and the seasons had to pass in their natural order before the most eager of Christians could with propriety celebrate the nativity of Christ. That time, through the agencies of big business, high pressure selling and the prevalent itch to capitalize everything from the birth of a nation to the Death of a hero, has passed with yesterday's seven thousand years.

For today the heat of a Summer day is nullified by the premature strains of "Noel," and half-grown fir-trees are cut off in the prime of their life to provide the first crop of abortive Christmas trees sometime in August; for the great demand of the world that must preserve the Christmas spirit, even if the preserving process turns it into vinegar, must be satisfied; and what is worse, satisfied by huge adverse notices. Our Christmas mongers, in consequence, have some nameless kinship with the Scout Movement in their continual "Be-Prepared-ness."

With the preparation comes the capitaliza-

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## CANTUS GLORIAE

Babe in my arms you are tenderly sleeping!  
In excelsis gloria.

Over the heavens the bright stars are creeping;  
In excelsis gloria.

Why do you stir at the echoing moan  
Of a sheep that hurt or has wandered alone?

Heavens are ringing,  
Angels are singing:  
In excelsis gloria.

Faint are the winds from Gethsamane blowing;  
In excelsis gloria.

Thorns on the road to Golgotha are growing;  
In excelsis gloria.

Why is your fair haloed brow so bedimmed  
By a cross that the moon through the window has  
limned?

Cathedrals are ringing,  
Humanity singing:  
In excelsis gloria.

—R. A. HAMILTON.



# McGill Daily

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Montreal, Tuesday, December 20, 1932

## The Past Year

THE year 1932 is drawing to a close and it behooves us to look back on the events of the year here at McGill. It has been an exceptionally successful one for us. Foremost among the many achievements was the granting of a million and a quarter dollars by the Rockefeller Institute for the establishment of a Neurological Institute at McGill. This will make McGill even more pre-eminent as a medical centre than ever.

Probably next in importance is the fact that a committee of the Graduates Society has been formed to investigate the prospects of building a gymnasium at McGill, and thus a long-awaited undertaking seems about to get under way at last.

McGill has also distinguished herself in the field of scholarship, winning for the third year in succession two out of the three 1851 Exhibitions which are open to students of all the Universities of Canada. Both the Quebec Rhodes Scholarships were won by McGill, Munroe Boyne and Dave Lewis being the successful men. Dave Lloyd has been chosen for one of next year's Rhodes Scholarships.

Much distinguished research work has been done by McGill's staff and graduate students, and the Rockefeller Institute has made a further donation of \$15,000 for research in experimental surgery, as announced in today's Daily.

Several beloved members of the staff and students have passed on to the great beyond, including J. S. Archibald and C. E. Neill, Governors of the University, Dr. A. D. Blackader, Emeritus Professor of Pharmacology, Therapeutics, and Pediatrics, W. T. Waugh, Head of the History Department, and Isaac Gammell, Governor's Fellow on the Corporation.

Another development at McGill during the year was the raising of fees and the British Preference innovation. This was necessitated by the depression and does not seem to have affected the attendance at McGill to any extent.

We also had another successful year in the field of Intercollegiate sport, winning six championships, the Basketball, English Rugby, Gymnasium, Swimming, Track, and the Harrier (tied).

And so the years roll on, and McGill keeps going on her way serenely, progressing as the years go by, and like good wine improving with age.

Successful as the past year has been, there is no reason why the coming one should not be even more so. We can face the future unworried, assured that the present generation of students and professors will carry on in the illustrious steps of their predecessors and cause the honored name of McGill to be spread far and wide throughout the world.

## Christmas

THE Christmas holidays are at hand once again and the long-awaited rest from our labors to which most of us have been looking forward is here at last.

To many of us it means going home to see loved faces once again, to those of us who live in Montreal it means a round of parties and entertainments, to those who do not live in Montreal and cannot go home it means a lonely period. To some of us it also means a period of rest and relaxation, unmarred by any worries of thoughts of work, but to those of us with mid-term examinations, it means a period in which to catch up in studying as well as sleep.

Amidst our selfish thoughts, however, we must not forget the real meaning of Christmas, which is "Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men". We should remember to be sympathetic and charitable to those less fortunate than ourselves, and to forget petty hatreds and enmities.

## Reporters and Secretaries

AS the next issue of the Daily will not appear until January 9th, Sunday's reporters are asked to consult the assignment book on Friday the 6th before one o'clock. Secretaries of societies or any others who want assignments covered are asked to leave a note for the News Editor before 4 p.m. Notices for both sports and news must be handed in to the Daily Office before 8:30 p.m. on January 8th.

# VISION OF BATTLE

By NATHAN KEYFITS

I met my former "gym" teacher on the street yesterday afternoon. I had not seen him since I left school twelve years ago. He told me about various changes in routine and in personnel, and I asked about the cadet corps, of which he had been drill sergeant when I was a pupil.

"Oh yes," he said, "the corps is still going, and stronger than ever."

"And do you still drill in the basement of the school?" I asked.

"Yes, the same basement, with the same white-washed walls and cement floor."

"And the same narrow windows and low ceiling?" Yes, I remember it well. It would take too long to calculate how many hours I spent under its dim lights, marching up and down and around, forming fours, standing at attention, shouldering arms....

"Would you like to come around this afternoon and see this year's recruits? I'm sure you'll think them a fine bunch."

I promised to go up the following day.

As I walked on homewards up my street, I saw the tall lanky figure and red hair of Kurt Schlegel whom I had known from childhood. There had been a misunderstanding and something of a scene several weeks before which had not yet been made up, but I had no reason to expect him to snub me. Yet that was exactly what he did. He walked by pretending not to notice me. I was very much annoyed that a man with whom I had been so intimate should be estranged by a trivial disagreement.

Perhaps I took the matter rather too seriously as I sat over the evening paper. I thought of how, in the old days, such a slight would have been considered sufficient grounds for a challenge. I went on to speculate on what would happen if one king failed to greet a brother-monarch under similar circumstances. Nothing less than a declaration of war, I concluded, would satisfy the demands of honour.

That night I dreamed.... I dreamt that I picked up the morning newspaper and saw by two-inch headlines that England had declared war on Germany. My sense of logic being completely in abeyance, I did not see any incongruity in the rebuff. I did not see any incongruity in the Kaiser, port that the reason for war was that the Kaiser, on a visit to London, had passed the Prime Minister of England on the street without saluting him.

The whole Empire rushed to arms, and on that very morning conscription was begun in Canada. Having neither flat feet nor a large family, I was among the first to be drafted. I went up to the school where I had been taught how to handle a gun, and there I was ordered, as of old, to put on my cadet uniform. I found myself marching round the same drill-hall with the white-washed walls, and the same drill-sergeant was shouting orders. In front of me marched Carter Allison, and on my right Hector Regent, both graduates with me in the class of '21, just as they had done twelve years before. Down the hall we marched in double file, each man walking stiffly with a dummy rifle on his shoulder. And then I noticed, but without surprise that on the other side of the hall, in the field uniform of the Prussian army, wearing the Prussian insignia on their sleeves, were an almost equal number of German cadets.

At their head, without seeming in the least inappropriate was the German Emperor Kaiser Wilhelm himself, decked out in a uniform ridiculously covered with gold braid, and hundreds of medals suspended by bright silk ribbons. The two corps marched by one another, in double file, each man with his nose high in the air and in his face an expression of scornful disdain, while not a word of greeting was spoken. And who marched in the ranks of the enemy but Kurt Schlegel, carrying a wooden gun like the rest, his red hair making him prominent even though he wore a cap.

We drew up on opposite sides of the white-washed basement, and stood at attention for inspection. Our officer walked down the line, critically looking us over, and when he came to me he stopped. He examined me, as he used to do in the old days, looked dissatisfied, and shouted out: "Couldn't you polish your buttons better than that?"

"I'm sorry, sir," I replied rather lamely, "but war was declared so suddenly I didn't have time."

"You should have found time. How do you suppose we would be able to beat the Germans if nobody had their buttons polished or their shoes shined?"

At that moment I seemed to forget all the military discipline I had been so carefully taught, and actuated by some perverse impulse, I burst out: "Well, anyhow I think this an unjust and cruel war."

His face assumed an expression of indescribable rage.

"Mutiny," he shouted. "That means an hour's drill every day for a week," and passed on.

At that point, two bands, one on each side, began to play, but as they were both playing different tunes nothing was to be heard but an awful din. As that was not satisfactory to either party our sergeant was sent as ambassador under a white flag to try to make some suitable arrangement. He walked up to the Kaiser, and said bluntly, "Say, how about having the bands take turns?"

The Kaiser looked at him scornfully, and then, "Are you addressing me?" he asked in a thick German accent.

"I am," returned our ambassador, taken somewhat aback.

"Well address me as Your Majesty, the German Emperor. That's what I am, you know."

"I won't," valiantly returned our sergeant. "At least Your Majesty the Emperor," insisted the Kaiser, "or I won't talk to you."

"But you are talking to me now," pointed out the Sergeant, his sharp military brain sensing the incongruity.

"Don't quibble," reproved the Emperor. "I'll meet you halfway, and call you Your Majesty," compromised the sergeant. The Kaiser assented, and each looked around at his own party, as much as to say, "See what a great diplomatic triumph I have scored!"

"Now about the bands," said our spokesman. "Yes, about the bands," echoed the Kaiser, on his toes to prevent his quickwitted opponent from putting anything over on him.

"Don't you think it would be better if our band played first, and yours afterwards? Then both would get a hearing."

But the Kaiser was not to be fooled so easily. "It would be better," he said in the tones of a teacher correcting a pupil's mistake, "if mine played first, and yours afterwards."

As our representative was adamant, it looked like a deadlock.

Finally it was agreed to test the matter by a vote. "All those in favour of our band playing first, say aye. All those against, keep quiet," each leader instructed his party, making a compromise between military and democratic rule. The test, however, was inconclusive, for each side shouted 'Aye' as loud as it could. But the Kaiser assumed he has won the vote.

"Then the will of the people is that our band

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# TRAGEDY IN TWO SCENES

By The Music Ed.

"If man keeps on harnessing energy to machines which do his work, at the rate he has been doing in the last 100 years, the time will come when there will be little left for him to do." Thus say the "technocrats," the engineers investigating the use of energy by man, in a recent news item.

## DBR, 792 Goes to the Opera

Living room in an apartment many stories from the ground. Time is during the apex of the machine age, when "four hour's work for two days per week" satisfies the "national technical staff executive."

DBR, 792, M: (Reading from a large book). "After much strife, the workers finally won their demand that the work week be reduced to 44 hours." Ah! just what we need. Forty-four hours of work every week; 54 would be better still. My watching a gauge needle for eight hours every week doesn't inspire me. Keeping the temperature and the humidity below the red line and above the green line for a blasted carrot incubator sometimes makes my blood boil; I must have been meant for something better. Just the same, I often think how wonderful it must have been in the good old days to actually go out on a field with a hoe, a spade, and a seed, and then hope that their uncontrolled weather would be mercurial. Worrying if it would grow or not must have been hard on them. I wonder if that caused the funny disease they used to have, called heart-failure. What do you think, Nagne?

DBR, 792, F: (His wife). I wish you'd quit being sentimental. I've never seen the like; you're always looking back to your childhood or to your grandfather's childhood or to the world's childhood. Boring, when will you learn to look forward? Your overseas told me that you can expect to have 736 minutes knocked off your shift if the new gadget works. And you won't lose any concessions either. You remember when we were at the production tourney last....

Audible Calendar: Opera for division DB starts in 20 minutes.

DBR, 792, M: (The son). Well I'm not going. I'm staying to watch the results of the engine speed races on the televisor.

DBR, 792, M: I'll stay with you son.

DBR, 792, F: You'd do nothing of the kind. You come whether you like it or not. Mrs. BAK, 385 will be there, and I want her to see us. And furthermore, try too look as though you enjoy the music.

DBR, 792, M: I would if they played a classical like Debussy, or Schoenberg, or even Iliashenko, but these modernists, bah, they are almost as bad as the prehistoric Bach, and Haydn. Oh well, if I must go.

## SCENE II

An auditorium, well illuminated, with a screen at one end, and with cushioned easy chairs placed in tasteful disarray. The audience moves about from one to another occasionally.

Voice from screen: Tonight's opera "Foemen of the Bard" was written by MUS, 123, W in the short space of 19 shifts, the version you see tonight is that of the fifth dress rehearsal, which has been adopted as official. The cast is, blah, blah, blah.... and more blah, blah.

DBR, 792, M: (Stealing over to his neighbour of the gauge-board) Hellow Noysum, thought you said you wouldn't come.

DBR, 791, M: (Noysum) Yeah, but the missus had other ideas. Think we can sneak off and play rummty?

DBR, 792, M: Not a chance. Mine wants me to meet her miss BAK. There she is coming in now; I'm sunk.

DBR, 792, F: Come here and sit down. I should think you see enough of each other at work. The music is going to start.

(Schubertian melody, with Mozartian delicacy fills the room, a strange contrast to the hardness and mechanization of the ordinary life).

DBR, 792, M: Namy-pamy; that's what I call it. Means nothing and sounds like a nurse putting the children's ward to sleep.... Ah this is better. (Stops short as wife looks severely at him, while screen is covered with an example of the female pulchritude that his wife does not equal).

Voice from screen: Who stole my sweet gramophone. My little box of lovely tone, etc., (accompanied by a recorded orchestra, vivid coloured lighting, and tableaux referring to the sentiments of the song).

DBR, 791, M: (Stealing over). She will disappear soon, and we'll get a few sugar voiced sopranos and tenors in her place. Pinch me if I fall asleep, Boris.

Mrs. BAK, 385 strolls over; The 792's I believe.

DBR, 792, F: (Gushingly) How do you do

Continued on Page 6

## Daily Reporter Lands A Job

(Continued from Page 1)  
left for Ottawa yet to cover the Conference?"

"No," says Mr. Walker, he's bawling out the chief of police just now, giving him his order for the next fortnight. His airplane is waiting."

"Good," says the City Editor, "tell him he's not going. Mr. Joe-Joe will take that airplane, leaving immediately. Well, Mr. Joe-Joe, that will do well enough, until something better crops up. Spend as much as you like. The old expenses account is good for it. Good luck. And now I must rush ahead with the job, --- three extra editions this morning."

And so Joe-Joe launched off on his career. Ahead of him will be one long carousal, working late at night, flattered by all prominent people who will invite him everywhere just to get a "break" in the paper. Ah, Me, the power of the Press,

(B) AS IT REALLY IS  
Walking into the editorial rooms, Joe-Joe is struck by the soporific, restful atmosphere of the place. Seedy-looking individuals, looking like so many college professors, sit placidly at their desks, laboriously picking out badly-chosen words on rickety old machines which are holding together and no more. Nobody pays any attention to him.

He edges slowly over towards the City Editor, an elderly gentleman dressed plainly but meticulously. He wears rimless spectacles and now, as he silently peruses the Atlantic Monthly, he peers half-blindly over them. He couldn't move rapidly if he tried. He couldn't talk roughly to anyone. He is just a very nice, somewhat sleepy old man.

Joe-Joe is somewhat timid, wakens a lackadaisical-looking office boy and asks if he can see the city editor.

"See him? Sure, any time. He's always there." The lad lapses back to sleep.

Summoning up his courage, Joe-Joe advances firmly towards the City Editor and coughs. A few minutes pass with no motion from the city editor. He coughs again. The old man starts, turns slowly around.

"What's that," he murmurs absently, "another murder? Well, it can wait until tomorrow. There's no space." He starts to read again.

"I want a job," says Joe-Joe, becoming a little fed up.

"You're big for an office boy. Did you ever do any write-ups?"

"I have written many 'STORIES,'" says Joe-Joe. "I worked three years on the McGill Daily."

"The McGill Daily? Oh, yes, that's the magazine; the collich boys turn out at McGill. I'm afraid not — if you're a collich boy, you must drink beer. I can't have any men who drink on my staff. You know, we have to be go careful. Why only yesterday, the chief of police gave me quite a talking to because of something one of my men wrote hinting at corrupt administration. We can't have that sort of thing. We have to keep in with the police."

"I have a letter from my father," insists Joe-Joe. He pulls out a letter of introduction from his father who happens to be president of a large company whose advertising keeps the paper alive.

"Well, your father seems to want you to work here. I guess we can take a chance. There's nothing for you to do today, however. Go and sit down with the other reporters. Nobody's going out today because of the nasty weather. We are getting the news by phone."

Just then a sedate-looking reporter walks into the office. He has been walking fast on account of the rain and, being over-heated, has loosened his neck-tie and collar.

"Here, here," says the City Editor. "Mr. Simpson, you must not dress so untidily. If you can't keep your collar fastened, you can't work for me, so there!"

"Aw, Gee, I'm hot," says Mr. Simpson petulantly.

"If you will pardon my colloquialism," says the City Editor, "you're not only hot—you're fired!"

"Well," parries Mr. Simpson, "who will write-up the Temperance League Meeting tonight?"

"For once you are going to be punished," says the city editor. "Mr. Joe-Joe will go there in your place."

Joe-Joe gets his instructions. "What about car-tickets?" he asks.

"Car tickets? Why, you'll have to walk," says the city editor, "we have to cut down on expense accounts. Why, Mr. Simpson nearly got fired last week for taking a taxi!" But Joe-Joe passed out.

Ah, me, the Majesty of the Press!

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# THE MANIAC

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## Is There a Santa Claus?

A Christmas murder mystery in the grand old horseley style of years gone by.

"Here we are," roared Major Pinkford to the milling throngs which bore him to his grave. "Here is the grand old man who brings joy each year to thousands of young hearts on Xmas eve. He beats as he sweeps as he cleans, the favorite of young and old, the joy of the fireside, the delight of the other side, the comforter of both sides, the stitch in nobody's side. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to introduce to you one whom we all know, a gentleman we all hold dear because he costs us plenty, one whom we can never adequately repay for all he has done for us, one who takes the cash and lets the credit go. Let's fill our stockings and drink to the delight of our hearts, the envy of our rabbis, the comforter of our old gray hairs, the carer of our do, the favorite of our elders, the man who has us buffaloes, the man who owns our bank accounts, bull-dozes our budgets, hogs the works, dogs our footsteps. Gentlemen, I give you Father Christmas; and am I glad to get rid of him!"

"He's just showing his class," snickered the chief mourner.

"Will you give me something out of your bag?" asked Mrs. Pinkford.

"When you see the whites of my eyes," "Know all by these presents that I am Santa Claus," boomed the bluff old man in red.

"Because I love you," boomed the orchestra.

"Love Santa little gift of hoes, dashed Mme. Goldfarb, as she hung her stockings up by the chimney. "Chimney Christmas," swore Merle Snodgrass.

"He should change his name from St. Nicholas to St. Pennias on account of the depression," said Pinkford, getting up on one elbow. "Like I changed my name from Pinkfords to Pinkford after the crash."

"They took the crash and let the credit go on that fatal day," expounded Snodgrass.

"Fatal prosperity comes, she's just around the corner," encouraged the Goldfarb.

I buttoned my overcoat closer around my chin, for the night was cold in the old churchyard where the Major lay. The earth fell on his coffin with a dull thud. After a while he stopped coffin.

"Why do you wear your overcoat around your chin?" giggled the corpse.

"Why do you wear your pants around your waist?" I fumed.

"To keep my suspenders from falling down," he replied. "Why does a baker wear a rubber hat?"

"To keep his hair from the dough," I responded.

"Who started this, anyway?" asked Santa.

"Little drops of whiskey, little grains of Santa, make the fireside polon."

And the Christmas Santa, I replied. "You seem to be the Santa of attraction tonight."

"Remember you get a five Santa piece back on every bottle of hootchle-pap," murmured Snodgrass.

"Hootchle get that crack from, Pap?" I queried.

Pap scratched his head reflectively, and I could see all his thoughts mirrored in his liquid orbs.

Well, folks, mirror my God to Thee. Liquid Groucho Marx gets away with Merry Xmas.

## TWO FOR ANGELA

By No Man From Toronto

### 1. HELLO KID

Angela, whence comest thou? Why is it that my love doth grow Till after precedes tomorrow's now, As in a soul afraid to know?

My soul still bleeds from Cupid's dart; Oh, let the red flow never cease, If he'd but send one through THY heart He'd see our mutual love increases.

Thou art a flower from the field Of God's fair lilies. Clad in White, Such maidenly power thou dost wield When Cupid marvels at its might.

### 2. SO LONG

Ah, but the young life is falling fast. Ah, but the young body breathes its last. Her smile no longer curls around her lips; Gone is the swaying of her graceful hips. Her song and laugh are silenced, and not even groans Mark a farewell to the welcome tones. Not all earth's doctors can her life prolong, For the Lord has willed her dead. He can do no wrong.

# What Price A College Education

How often do we hear from the lips of a collegiate graduate, especially in these days when it seems almost impossible to get a position of any promise, "What have I gained from four years at the University?" Among the ever-increasing group of street-walkers, we see many who have been prominent in campus organizations, on the playing field, and more important still, have been consistently near the top of the class in their examinations. Little wonder, as Dr. Leacock has often said, that they look out upon the world with bitterness in their hearts, and see a remedy only in some radical fundamental change in society.

A student, fresh from the paternal security of the University, bursts out upon the world, expecting immediate employment, as due reward for four, five, six, or seven years, of what, in the case of students in the professional faculties, has been fairly conscientious work. Expecting to be welcomed with open arms into the world of affairs, he finds that he is but an unwanted child.

In abnormal conditions such as we have today, we cannot draw any ultimate conclusions as to the place a college graduate should expect to take or be given in the business world. In the urgency of getting some lucrative position, the graduate sees only one side of the contrast which exists between himself and society. "How is it that I can't get a job?" He forgets for the moment his part of the obligation: "Have I taken full benefit of the opportunity afforded me in having a college education; have I made good use of my time in learning my 'trade,' in developing in myself qualities of leadership, and in adding something constructive to the fund of knowledge?"

Students take their college education as something which is "coming to them" and seldom give a moment's thought to their good fortune in being among the chosen few who can continue their studies beyond Matriculation. Few realize that their fees pay for somewhat less than a third of the expenses incurred in supplying them with a "higher education."

Mayor Rinfret, when approached on the subject of student unemployment, said that as far as he knew, graduates of small universities fared very favorably in the employment

scramble as compared with those with little or no education. Between two applicants for the same job the one who has a better education usually gets the position. There are, however, many factors which tend to handicap the college graduate. The uneducated man is more often than not, in greater need of employment, and in many cases is found to be more reliable and practical than a college man, because of the fact that he has been "up against it" for many years. The student, on the other hand, seldom has to put himself through college by his own toil, and has not always the self-reliance and perseverance which the uneducated man has gained through hard experience.

The Mayor does not in the least discredit the value of a college education, if it is taken seriously. He advises all men who have the opportunity to take advantage of any further education that they can obtain. A new development in financing the education of promising men without sufficient means, which he looks upon as very sound, is that begun recently at Brebeuf College, where many students are accepted without paying the usual fees, their education being considered as good security for future payment.

Mr. Stewart, assistant manager of the Mount Royal Hotel, is of the opinion that the environment of a university does not greatly affect a man's potentialities in the business world either one way or the other. For professional men there is, of course, a need of specialized training, which the universities and the technical schools alone can give. A general education is of value to the individual in a social way and for his personal development, but it depends on the individual personality whether he makes a success of himself or not.

Rabbi Stern, of the Temple Emmanuel, in discussing the purposes of a true education, makes two demands upon students and professors: first, that of utility in preparing the student to make his way in the world; and second, to make him more socially-minded as a means of humanizing existing institutions. The former is for the benefit of the individual, the latter for the benefit of mankind. We need not only truth which is light, but goodness which is warmth; not only knowledge which is power, but wisdom which is control.

The universities today are not stressing the second demand as much as they should; nor are students responding with sufficient zeal in the solution of world and everyday problems. When a man is old it is natural that his opinions become crystallized and static. He holds views which he believes to be the absolute truth. But truth is an evolving thing, and students should pursue it, not defend it. Another challenge to students is the overthrow of wealth as the ultimate goal and standard of success, and to judge men not by how much they are worth but how worthy they are.

A business man is usually forced towards a self-centered viewpoint or he will be beaten in the unorganized world of today. A student, if he brings himself to the task, often goes to the opposite extreme. Safely ensconced in an armchair, he criticizes and ridicules the narrow-minded business men and statesmen, when he is in an enviable position to formulate some practical solution.

# MAIGRU

(Continued from Page 1)

Maigrú, stumbling under the weight of the inn-keeper, again made his tedious way up the wood-path. The inn-keeper was dead. Maigrú had torn his throat with the hearth-tongs when he found that he was being cheated of his share of the merchant's gold. This would be the last feast for his rooks. Today, Maigrú set out for the plains of Lombardy, far from pursuit.

The shrivelled hunch-back slowly mounted the stone steps of the tower. The air was hushed, as with a premonition of death. The gorged rooks were still, sleeping off their surfeits of human flesh. Only the spasmodic breathing of the hunch-back gave any signs of life in the tower. Maigrú, in his hurry, thought the stairs longer and more tortuous than they had ever been.

On the third step from the ledge, Maigrú's foot slipped on a pool of congealed blood. He staggered, and let go the inn-keeper. Maigrú found himself hanging from the edge of a stone step. In his ears sounded the dull thud of a body landing on the flags below. The chill of death passed through Maigrú's pendant body, but only for an instant. He swung to catch the lower step with his foot, but his deformed legs were shot an inch. He swung again, and missed. Desperately,

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# FORTUNE'S FOOL

(Continued from Page 1)

the lips curled more than ever. "Just another of the many misfortunes that have dogged my life. My sister had a serious accident. Lying on her back for months, till she 'croaked.' Best thing that could happen to her in those circumstances, I suppose. I wouldn't have been able to assist an invalid. It was bad enough trying to meet my fees without the help of her pay envelope. Then the hell of it all came when my own mother had to accept charity. . . . My own mother a pauper — and me with still another year to finish my training. Ha, that sounded nice: Well-known research worker of the Hartville Municipal Refuge! And there was I trying to complete my work with the fear of that discovery hanging over my head. I told her to stop writing, of course, but a hell of a lot of good that did; the fear remained. . . . What a rotten break I got!"

"Yep, that sure was a tough break." The yellow and green tie glared at the speaker from behind a cloud of his companion's cigar smoke. It seemed to annoy the shabby man.

"A nice world! After all the troubles I'd had I got kicked out because I made a little money illegitimately as they call it. . . . Got the job with old man Muller at his instrument and equipment store to help me over with my fees. The old rogue didn't pay me half enough. And here he was exploiting chaps in almost as bad

he started to swing again; a ripping pain shot through his hand. Cauchon, bloody and gorged, sat on the step with a shred of Maigrú's finger-flesh in his crooked beak.

"Ah, Cauchon, you would make food of the hand that fed you! Ah, you pig, you!"

The blood was seeping rapidly about his fingers. One hand slipped. A demoniacal laugh bubbled on his twisted lips as he hung with one claw, like a spider.

Cauchon made another stab at the lone hand on the stone step. But it, too, suddenly slipped into the darkness. . . .

R. M. HAMILTON

condition as myself. Charged cut-throat prices for his stuff because he knew he was the only one that could produce the goods. Damned old rogue grew rich and what did he want money for. To fatten his paunch and start his lout of a son out on the same road. I could put some of that money to a fruitful use. And so I did. I saw a chance of diverting some of his plundered profits."

The figure behind the slowly rising smoke suddenly straightened. "Gosh! You mean you swiped the old man's cash?"

"I swiped, if you will, what the scum had for years been extorting from my companions. Perhaps I was a thief. Society had denied me the means of finishing my training, I was justly absorbed from moral restrictions that apply to men in a position to observe them. You can't understand, Gus, because you never had a purpose in life as I did, or you would have done the same. So would anybody. Men in my position, who are born to be something above the ordinary can't be bound by the same restrictions as the likes of you. Otherwise we'd never achieve anything."

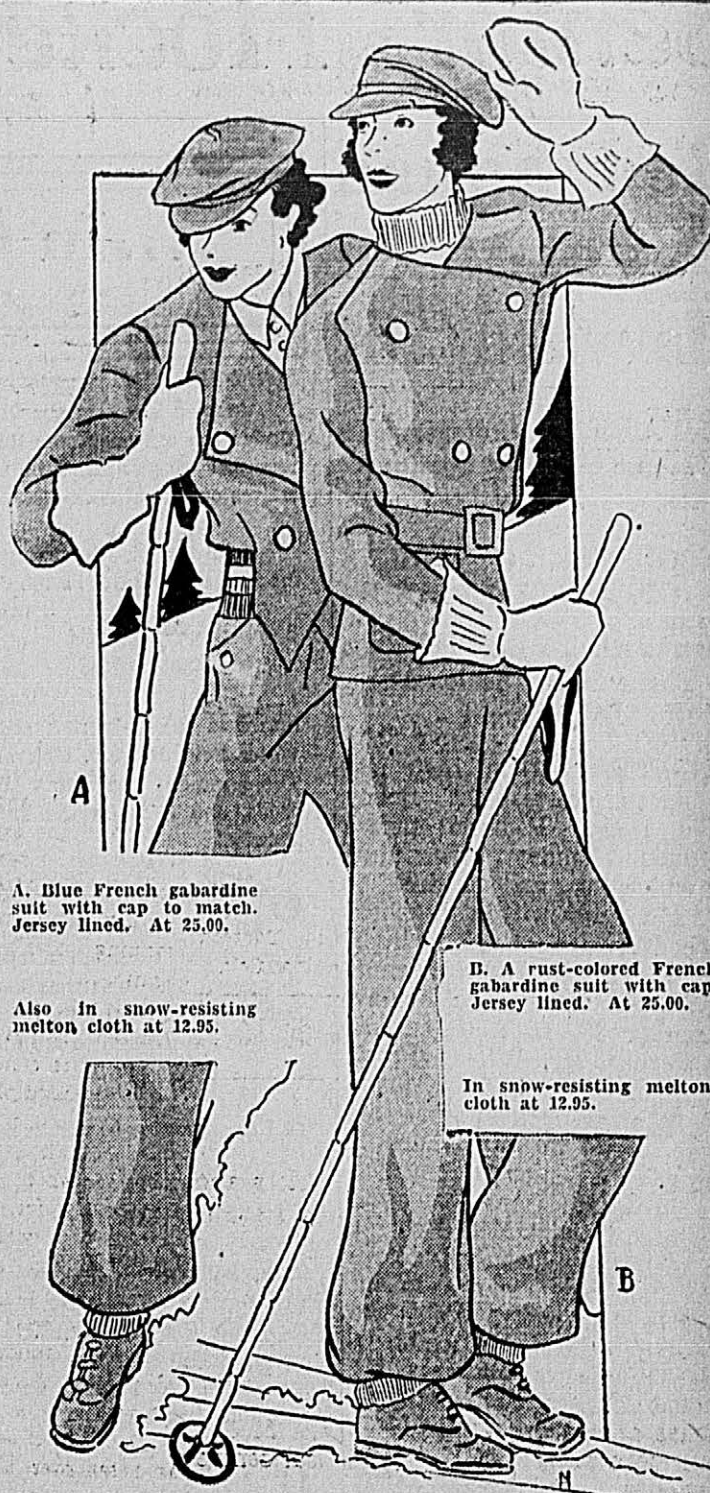
"And did you get away with the cash?"

"I held the job for nearly a year, and not an irregularity was noticed. Then I made a slip and split the whole works. They kicked me out, damn them, a month before I was supposed to get my degree. . . . Yeh, they finished me all right, and I suppose they're satisfied now. That's life, Gus. I guess I wasn't as good a crook as old man Muller. Society is a selfish manipulator, and unless you are her favorite you've either to match wits with her or lose out. I lost out."

The speaker stopped. Silence followed between the two men sitting opposite each other, broken only by a nervous tapping of his empty glass on the table by the shabby man. It brought no response from his companion. He was "Broke" too.

So the man whom Society had cheated shoved his glass aside and walked slowly through the swing doors out into a snow storm in the shadowy street. A pedestrian hurrying by stopped short at a touch on his arm and looked into a face that was aged and bitter.

"Mister, will ya give us a dime for a bowl of soup. I ain't ate all day."



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# Senior Hockey Team Faces Stiff Holiday Schedule

## Red Squad Favored In Harvard Tilt

Meet American Collegians In Home Game At Forum Friday

ENCOUNTER CANADIENS IN OPENER TOMORROW

Dartmouth To Be Played In Three Match Series At Lake Placid

UNDEFEATED in their last seven starts, Dr. Bobby Bell's senior Redmen face a strenuous holiday season during which they are scheduled to play six games within the short space of two weeks. The highlight will be the Harvard game which will take place Friday, December 23, at 8.30 p.m. at the Forum. Mr. Wesley Frost, American Consul to Canada will face the puck to start this match. Next in importance is tomorrow's Senior Group fixture in which Canadiens—the only team to beat McGill so far this season—will attempt to repeat their performance in an effort to gain a tie with the Redmen for the league lead.

Immediately after Christmas the Red team will journey to Lake Placid for a three-game series with Dartmouth. This series, to be played on December 28, 29 and 30, will feature the holiday sporting program at the popular Adirondack resort. The sixth game will be played at the Forum on January 4, when Vics oppose the Redmen in a regular Senior Group game. The Harvard game, which is the second and final of the annual home-and-home series between two of the foremost college hockey teams in Canada and the United States, is attracting a great deal of attention locally and a large attendance is expected when the teams take the ice. Student coupons will be good for this match and the McGill band is slated to attend.

When the Harvard-McGill clashes started 27 years ago, McGill were much superior but the rapid spread of hockey below the border has put a different aspect on the situation and of late years Harvard has been able to ice some high class squads. Two years ago they won both games against McGill, while last year they broke even, losing in Boston but downing the McGillmen in Syracuse.

The work of Paul de Givie, Ian Baldwin and Milton Pruyne in the recent clash with McGill was largely responsible for the fine showing of the Harvard team. Though McGill won they had to extend themselves to do so and the return match should provide some real hockey. Baldwin is rated highly in the States and is considered the best all-round man on Harvard puck teams since Barry Wood. Bob Saltonstall, veteran member of the team and also a member of the Harvard crew, is captain and will hook up with Hugh Farquharson at centre ice.

American Collegiate A. A. rules, which are similar to the professional code prevalent in Boston but Friday's contest will be played under C.A.H.A. rules, which govern the Senior Group.

Maurice Powers and his squad will have their hands full with two such opponents as Canadiens and Harvard. However, they seem to work best when under pressure, judging from their play so far and can be expected to supply the Frenchmen as well as Coach Joe Stubbs' men with plenty of trouble. Scoring statistics show them to be second to none in local circles where hockey is generally considered to be of the highest quality. Defensively they are equally good, as Shaughnessy, Melickjohn, and Riddell form a capable rear-guard and the work of Powers and McHugh has been flawless.

Coach Bell will probably start his regular front line of McGill, Farquharson and Gordie Crutchfield, keeping Farmer, Robertson and Neil Crutchfield in reserve.

The probable lineups follow:  
 Harvard  
 Paul de Givie... Goal ... Powers (Cap'n)  
 Bill Watts... Defence ... Shaughnessy  
 Roger Martin... Defence ... Melickjohn  
 Bob Saltonstall Centre ... Farquharson (Cap'n)  
 John Putnam... Wing ... McGill  
 Wyn Haaler... Wing ... G. Crutchfield  
 Harvard subs—Beale, Poll, Baldwin, Pruyne, Wolcott, Lincoln, Gleason, Everett, Dow, Clapp, Mitchell, Thompson.  
 McGill subs—Farmer, Robertson, N. Crutchfield, Riddell.

### Honor Coupons

Coupons will be honored at the Harvard game on Friday. Seats will be held in the North end section until 8.15. A reduction of 25 cents will be granted on any seat, providing the exchange is made through the Athletic Office before Thursday evening. This reduction will not be granted at the Forum Office.

## "....In Corpore Sano"

By S.L.J.

NOW that the academic year is half over, there occurs—with few exceptions—a break in the intercollegiate and intramural athletic program. Under the circumstances this is perhaps an opportune moment to cast a retrospective glance at the accomplishments to date of McGill's representatives on the athletic field.

Saturday night's victory over the Red water polo team gave Varsity the lead over McGill in the race for the intercollegiate championships. McGill has gained four titles since the beginning of the term, but Toronto has jumped into the lead, the relative standing now being five to four for the Blue. Varsity's win on the gridiron was the only new championship gained by them this season, as Water Polo, Rowing, Golf and Soccer had been won by them last year. There remain five sports still to be decided between these two ancient rivals, and it is on the home stretch that McGill is expected to pass Varsity.

OF the remaining sports, the Red teams are conceded an edge in Basketball, Hockey and Gym. Hay Finley's gym team has defeated the Blue in five consecutive meets and should make it an even half dozen this year. The basketballers have been functioning as well as ever and, with Don Young's return to the fold after Christmas, Coach Van Wagner's charges are favored to retain the cage title for the third consecutive time.

Although the hockey title rests at present with the Blue squad, McGill are favorites to regain it on the basis of their enviable record to date and on the fine brand of hockey the team is purveying at this time of the year. The Redmen have just returned from a successful week-end visit to Yale and Harvard, where they defeated both squads handily—white-washing the Elis 3-0, and downing the Crimson 4-2. Tomorrow night, Bobby Bell's squad faces Canadiens—the only team that has been able to take a game from the Redmen. In eight starts, McGill have won all but their first game, which the Flying Frenchmen took 4-3. Maurice Powers and Company will be out to make good that initial setback.

ON Friday night comes the highlight of the vacation period when Harvard comes to town for another crack at the Red team. The following week McGill plays a series of three games with Dartmouth at Lake Placid. The Bostonians are by no means easy and carry several excellent puckchasers. De Givie in goal is a first class tender who gave the Redmen no end of trouble on Saturday night. Captain Saltonstall and Baldwin are fast and effective. Pruyne, who scored Harvard's first goal, is one of their fastest forwards and packs a terrific shot. As this is a home game, the student body will, no doubt, take full advantage of the opportunity to see the Crimson squad in action.

Of the remaining three sports—Skiing and Snowshoeing, Swimming and B. W. & F.—Varsity takes no competitive interest in the first of these, McGill skiers competing in a U. S. meet with New Hampshire and Dartmouth, which was won last year by the latter. At present, some of the skiing team, captained by Jack Houghton, are aboard the Duchess of Atholl bound for Switzerland, where McGill has been invited to match their skill against the foremost skiers of Europe. So far as the swimming is concerned, it's a toss-up as to who will get the title. McGill's squad has been appreciably weakened by the departure of Munroe Bourne, but nevertheless reckons itself still powerful enough to take Varsity. Queen's is favored to retain the B. W. & F. title they won last year in Kingston.

## Red Juniors Suffer First Defeat Of J. A. H. A. Schedule

Royals Outscore McGill Hockeyists 5-1 In Fast Game

LOYOLA BEATS VICS

THE McGill Junior hockey team suffered its first reverse of the season last night at the hands of the Royals in the feature game of the weekly J. A. H. A. doubleheader at the Forum. The final score was 5-1 but was not by any means a true indication of the trend of the play. In the first game of the evening, Loyola's maroon clad squad defeated Victorias 2-0.

By virtue of their victory last night, Royals firmly entrenched themselves in first place in the league standing, three points ahead of the Redmen who despite their defeat are in the runner-up position. For the first half of the game the Red team more than held their own against the fast skating Blue and Red squad, but from then on the superior staying powers of the Royals came to the fore and bore fruit in the form of three goals before the second period ended.

Lamb Scores  
 McGill's lone tally came in the last five minutes of play, from the stick of Rolfe Lamb, who came in from Macdonald College to bolster the team. Rolfe was playing his first junior game of the season and turned in a brilliant display to herald his return to the fold. The Red defence of Woo and Wigle turned in a spectacular display, being on the ice nearly the whole game, and with Pacaud proved a strong barrier to the Royals' forwards.

Four of the Royals' goals came from long shots from the Red defence area. Currie, hard hitting defenceman, added three points to his scoring total with a goal and two assists that gives him the lead in the scoring race. McGill had rather poor luck around their opponents' nets and missed a number of excellent chances that would have made the score much closer.

The teams lined up as follows:  
 Royals  
 Seguin... goal ... Pacaud  
 Currie... defence ... Woo  
 Taucher... defence ... Wigle  
 Martin... centre ... Duff  
 Bissell... lt. wing ... Lamb  
 Donnelly... rt. wing ... Morse  
 Munday... alternates ... McLernon  
 Hayes... alternates ... Patton

## SIX MAN TEAM FOR LAKE PLACID MEET

Winter Outing Club To Discuss Plans For Coming Event

ACTIVITIES of the Winter Outing Club for the coming season and especially matters concerned with the Lake Placid meet in which a team of six McGill men will compete, features a meeting of the Club this afternoon at 5.15, in the Physical Education Building, 3484 University St. Besides the regular business to be discussed, an exhibition of motion pictures, dealing with the last winter Olympics will be shown by Bill Thompson, honorary coach.

With one group of the Winter Outing Club aboard the Duchess of Atholl, bound for the speedy slopes of St. Moritz, the remaining members are making plans for their annual competition to be held at Lake Placid. This meet, the twelfth annual one, will be held from December 28th to January 2nd, inclusive, during which period, a full program of winter sports events will be featured.

Many Compete  
 In past years, a varied number of universities have made entries in this meet, including Dartmouth, New Hampshire, St. Lawrence, Ottawa, and McGill, and this year will probably prove no exception. In the 1932 event, Jeff Goode and Frank Campbell showed their heels to rival competitors in the snow-shoe and 14-kilometres cross country races, respectively, and it is felt that the men available this year stand a good chance to repeat.

The Club will send a six-man team down to Lake Placid consisting of four skiers and two snow-shoers. If possible some of these men may also enter the speed-skating competitions, and will endeavour to stack up enough points to make a place in the final standing. The personnel of the team has not, as yet, been definitely selected but will be decided in the near future.

## Commercial Christmas

(Continued from Page 1).  
 tion. For we public minded and deeply religious men, who will not allow the old thoughtless gaiety of Christmas to die, cannot make our titanic provision for this over-ritualistic world, without some recompense. So burn your yule-logs, you reckless bibbers of the Christmas spirit; pull your crackers; gorge your plum-puddings and turkey; send your extravagant and pointless presents to each other, but do not forget one jot or one tittle of our most reward. Do not let your sacramental turkey forget its farmer, who must be paid; nor the yule-log, the woodman, who must be paid; nor your presents, Mr. Timothy Eaton, who has to pay his dividends.

Above all, do not be so foolish as to suppose that any of these noble gentlemen, who hold Christmas as dear as you, will be foolish enough, or idealistic enough, or revellers enough to let you have your turkey in the name of Christmas. For they do not act thus in the name of Christmas, any more than a wine-merchant acts in the name of Bacchus, who was a God before men forgot vulgarity and fore-swear laughter.

They act in the name of DOLLAR; and that name even though traced in holly, and decked with the Druids' mistletoe, is writ large at Christmas. Under their pernicious heresy, the very "In Excelsis" is drowned in the clink of gold, and your Feast of the Nativity pales into a Boom on the Stock Exchange.

### HOCKEY PRACTICE HOURS

Tues. Dec. 20—Senior.  
 Wed. Dec. 21—Junior & Inter.  
 Thurs. Dec. 22—Senior.  
 Fri. Dec. 23—Junior.  
 Tues. Dec. 27—Senior.  
 Wed. Dec. 28—Junior.  
 Thurs. Dec. 29—Inter.  
 Fri. Dec. 30—Junior.  
 Mon. Jan. 2—Senior.  
 Tues. Jan. 3—Inter.  
 Wed. Jan. 4—Junior.  
 Thurs. Jan. 5—Senior.  
 All practices start at 1.30 p.m.

## ENJOY THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE.

### Ritz-Carlton Hotel

Supper and Dance Commencing at 10.30 p.m.

Mid-night Show

Souvenirs

\$6.50 per person

Breakfast and Dance Commencing 4 a.m.

Couvert Charge \$1.00

Dance Music by Eddie Alexander and his Orchestra

Make Reservations NOW

PLateau 6966  
 PLateau 4212

## Boxers Display Fine Form In Exhibition Tourney Last Night

Corbett and Berkowitz Win Clever Victories Over Opponents

DR. HAND OFFICIATES

LAST night's fights at the Field House disclosed a vastly-improved performer in the person of Corbett and one of the gamest batlers wearing the Red colors in Berkowitz. The bouts brought to a successful conclusion the weekly series at the Field House and the New Year will see the boxers beginning illuminations for positions on the squad in the Union Ballroom.

Corbett, wildly-heralded last year as the R.M.C. welterweight champion had failed to live up to advance reports but he justified the claims of his most rabid supporter by his smart showing against Johnston. He piled up points repeatedly with a long left hook that crashed into his opponent's face and proved himself a master at in-fighting when Johnston tried to come to close quarters. Corbett was the unanimous choice of the judges although Johnston got in some telling blows as the bell sounded.

The feature of the meet was the clash with Fyshe and Berkowitz as principals. Berkowitz conceded his opponent four pounds and was soon in difficulties. For two rounds he gamely absorbed all of Tam's savage blows but it seemed a question of how long he could last. However, he opened hostilities in the last round by launching a fierce attack the like of which is rarely seen in college circles. Fyshe tried to combat it for a while with a counter-attack but was soon forced to concentrate all his energies in protecting himself. Berkowitz hurled blow after blow and Tam was soon staggeringly dazed about the ring. He was on the verge of a knock-out and although Berkowitz tried desperately to put over the finishing blow he was too winded to do so. The judges were split in their votes as to the winner but the referee decided in favour of Berkowitz.

The other bouts varied from thrilling slugfests to mediocre, listless "petting parties." Dr. Hand, honorary president of the club and an enthusiastic boxing supporter, acted in the capacity of judge and Freddy Ashton, provincial 127 lb. champion occupied a like position.

Summary  
 135 lbs.—Shearer (Y) beat Hatfield (decision).  
 155 lbs.—Corbett beat Johnston (decision).  
 126 lbs.—Berkowitz beat Fyshe (decision).  
 155 lbs.—Black beat Jamieson (decision).  
 155 lbs.—Hand (Westmount) High beat Archibald (decision).  
 145 lbs.—Swift beat Gidea (decision).  
 118 lbs.—H. Black beat Sherry (Y) (decision).  
 175 lbs.—L. MacGregor beat Brenhouse (decision).  
 135 lbs.—MacCarthy (Y) beat Boulton (M.A.A.A.).  
 Exhibition "Slip" Gilbert vs. "Red" McLennan.  
 Referee—Bert Light.  
 Timekeeper—G. H. Maughan.  
 Judges—Dr. Hand, John Murphy, George Maughan, Fred Ashton.

## SPORTS HATS

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### McGill Students

Sophisticated, chic little affairs, hand-made of Fine Fur French Felts, Knitted Fabrics or woven materials, perfect fitting and so different. Colors to match your sports outfit.

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Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri.

9 A.M. — 5.30 P.M.

Saturday — 9 A.M. — 12.30

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## HARVARD

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## McGILL

Friday, December 23rd

TIME — 8.30 p.m.

PRICES — \$1.50-\$1.00-.75-.50

25c reduction on reserved seats for Student Coupons at Athletic Office  
 NO EXCHANGES AT FORUM.

Space not guaranteed in the North End, where Student Coupons are good, if students not there before 8.15 p.m.



## The University And Public Health Was Topic Of Address

Dr. Grant Fleming Speaks Over Radio, Under Graduates Auspices

### RESEARCH KEYNOTE

University Necessary To Rapid Progress In Public Health

Last night Dr. Grant Fleming, M.C., M.D., D.P.H., spoke over CKAC, under the auspices of the McGill Graduates Society, on "The University and Public Health." In the year 1875 (said Dr. Fleming) the British Parliament passed a law stating that no one should suffer from a disease which could be prevented by organized health services.

"Throughout the middle ages man had sought to prevent disease. Because of his ignorance concerning these diseases, his results were not very encouraging, however, it appeared to him that once the natural causes were understood, he might control disease. After early public health measures had provided for the sanitary needs of public life, Pasteur's discoveries gave scientific data for the further development of health."

**Center of Research**

"The remarkable progress made in the last 50 years has come about because of knowledge supplied by research work. As the university has been the centre of this work it has in a large measure, made possible public health. We still fail to make anything like full use of the knowledge which we possess. We cannot prevent cancer, the common cold, or influenza, and will not be able to do so until much more is known about these diseases."

**Although the responsibility is assumed by the government, it is from the university that public health draws its personnel. McGill has not failed here as it offers a post-graduate course leading to the diploma in public health. The medical student at McGill is trained, with the idea that he could be prepared to practice preventive and curative medicine.**

**Requires Support**

"Public health requires the active support and leadership of the people, as money is required to carry on the work, and as it is from the university graduate that the people expect leadership, the university should cooperate with the health agencies."

"This, in brief, is the relationship of the university to public health. Efficiency and progress rest with the university."

## Players For Hamlet Rehearse At Ottawa

Opening Production on Dec. 29th in Moysie Hall

The Montreal Repertory Theatre cast, directors, and stage crew are now at Ottawa beginning the last and most important rehearsals for "Hamlet." Ottawa will have the privilege of seeing this production first. Montrealers, however, will see "Hamlet" after the inevitable First-Night roughnesses have been worn away. The opening production in Montreal in Moysie Hall on Dec. 29th will be graced by the presence of their Excellencies.

It is always tremendously exciting to play or produce Shakespeare, and M.R.T. has taken this opportunity of soliciting and obtaining the co-operation of as many of the other Little Theatre groups in Canada as was practically possible in this production.

In "Hamlet" will be gathered together a cast of experienced Shakespeare players, beginning with Viscount Duncannon, who plays the title role, and including Randolph Crowe of Hart House, who plays the King, Beck Dennis of the Winnipeg Little Theatre as Ophelia, and Burt Hall of the Ottawa Drama League as Laertes.

## "Old McGill" 1933

Will the following students be ready to have their pictures taken today between 9-10 a.m. and 4:30-6:00 p.m.:

Faculty of Medicine.  
Faculty of Dentistry.  
Faculty of Law.

Any students of the above faculties who have not had pictures taken.

**FACULTY OF ARTS**  
**TODAY**

Owen, George R. W.; Ritchie, Thos. D. C.; Rosenberg, Harold; Talbot, Alan D.; Walsh, Allison A. M.; Wayland, Charles H.; Weinfield, Mortimer; Willis, Selynn T.; Barnhill, Brunswick A.; Bax, Lawrence M.; Baxter, Robert G.; Carmichael, William R.; Laird, Robert P.; Panter, Faivel; Ross, Kenneth H.; Young, Donald M.

**R. V. C.**  
**TODAY**

Brown, J. Margaret; Grant, Margaret M.; Hay, Margaret R.; Howie, Ruth J.; Lerner, Esther S.; Lynch, Marjorie G.; Macdonald, Alda R.; Macdonald, E. Naomi; McDonald, Jean L.; Nixon, Dorothy J.; Olesker, Carmen H.; Oswald, M. Joy; Phelps, Frances H.; Phillips, Florence R.; Popinger, Evelyn; Rebinovitch, Hilda M.

## Grant Large Sum For Experimental Work In Surgery

A GRANT of \$15,000 has been made to McGill by the Rockefeller Foundation. It was announced last night by Dr. C. F. Martin. This grant, which is for the purpose of furthering work on experimental surgery, is an addition to the \$85,000 which has been given in the past four years for work in this field. Work is now being done under Dr. Archibald and Dr. Babkin in physiology of the stomach, methods of treating gastric ulcers, surgery of fractures, and diseases of the gall bladder. Under these men many young surgeons are in training to get the scientific approach in the clinical field.

## Club Holds Season's Last Kommersabend

Teutonia Club Scene Of Large Gathering Of Members

### STUDENTLIEDER SUNG

Mr. H. Schaffhausen, German Vice-Consul, Speaks At Meeting

The last gathering of the German Club before the holidays took place last night, when the members met at the Teutonia Club on Mountain Street. The meeting took the form of a Kommersabend, and as usual at functions of this organization, a distinctly German atmosphere prevailed throughout the evening.

The entertainment was also of a Teutonia nature. German songs, Studentlieder, were sung. A talk was given during the evening by Mr. H. Schaffhausen, German vice-consul, and a skit was put on by Gwen Hall, and Henry Schaffhausen.

**German Dance Tunes**

Refreshments were served at 10:30, and the members danced to the tunes of German records. The meeting broke up about one o'clock.

## Hockey Players To Attend Arts Dance

Harvard Team Will Be Guests Of Scarlet Key Society

On Friday night, after the Harvard-McGill game the players of both teams will adjourn to the Arts Hockey Informal in the Union Ballroom. The Harvard team will be the guests of the Scarlet Key Society which is entertaining the visiting Americans.

Though the dance is open to all undergraduates tickets may be obtained only at the Union Tuck Shop and in the Arts Building. Tickets may be also obtained from the executive of the Arts Undergraduate Society or the various Class Officers. The price has been set at one dollar per couple and the attendance has been limited to 150 couples.

Music will be supplied by Frank Cotti's Orchestra who are not unknown to McGill students having just completed a successful season with the Maples. The Ballroom will be arranged in Cabaret Style with tables conveniently placed around the dance floor. Table service has been arranged for, so that refreshments may be obtained without inconvenience.

While plans for professional entertainment are yet incomplete, the committee is endeavoring to secure as good a floor show as possible. A special committee has been appointed to obtain decorations for the Ballroom. President Wilson will supply the mistletoe.

Stags and "crashers" will be excluded by rigorous methods, if necessary.

**Prof. Scott Lectures**

Prof. F. R. Scott is speaking this evening at 8:30 p.m. at the Labor Forum, arranged by the Young Peoples Socialist League, and which meets at 4435 St. Lawrence Blvd. His subject is: "An Outlook for Socialism in England."

Rosenbaum, Beatrice R.; Ruff, Olive L.; Short, Constance G.; Simpson, Eleanor A.; Snowden, C. Virginia; Steinberg, Estelle H.; Stewart, Marie E.; Sutherland, Amy E.; Talbot, Ethel Jean W.; Temple, Jocelyn B.; Way, Beale B.; Wilson, Marion H.; Albert, Esther; Harrington, Anne L.; Hartley, Edith F.; MacGregor, Theo. M.; McVey, Velma A.; Petrie, Allison E.; Stallman, Annie D.; Beroovits, Ruth B.; Bierbrier, Lillian; Booth, Dorothy T.; Harvey, Beatrice E. M.; MacLeod, Margaret I.

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## Engineers Hear Of Streams Commission At Union Luncheon

Chief Engineer Addresses Undergrad's Society Yesterday

### CROWD ATTENDED

Mr. Lefebvre Describes Work Done By Quebec Department

Mr. Lefebvre, Chief Engineer of the Quebec Streams Commission, was the guest speaker at the Engineering Undergraduate Society luncheon held at noon yesterday in the Grill Room of the Union. The speaker outlined the work of the Commission throughout the province and extended a hearty invitation to all those interested in the work to pay a visit to the Commission's office.

Mr. Lefebvre opened his address by giving a brief history of the formation of the body and the chief problem in which it is interested. He emphasized the fact that the work is chiefly gathering statistics and making recommendations but has no control over the leasing of power sites which is under the control of the Department of Lands and Forests.

Up to the present time the Commission has been chiefly interested in the building of storage dams to control the flow of water in the chief power streams of the province. This work has been carried on chiefly on the St. Maurice, St. Francis, Gatineau and St. Francis Rivers. In this work the province through the commission has spent a total of ten millions; but the revenue from these constructions has been sufficient to pay the capital interest, sinking fund and operating expenses.

Another interesting department of the Commission is the collection of meteorological data. Before the commission took part in the work, stations were widely scattered but due to interest of the Commission these stations have been increased in number to 64. Some highly interesting data have been collected during the past year and of these the speaker pointed out that four inches of rainfall had been recorded in fifty minutes at Rapid Blanc.

Announcement of the winners of the Summer Prizes presented by the Engineering Undergraduates Society was also made at the meeting. First prize was awarded to C. B. Anderson on the Geology of the Dome Mine Ltd. Second and third prizes went to P. B. French and H. R. Holland respectively. Honorable Mention was given to H. E. Chalk, A. L. Hough, G. B. Saunders and A. Wilkinson. Orley Mason, president of the Society, presided.

## Five Positions Filled In Club Management

Players' Executive Will Appoint Business Manager

Five positions were filled at a meeting of the Players' Club Executive held yesterday. The new appointments placed the Stage Management under the care of Dean Cornell and that of the Costumes under Kay MacKenzie. Max Roth will fill the post of Construction Manager and Fred Norris that of Lighting Manager. The properties will be under the supervision of Fraser Gurd.

been appointed but it is expected that no business manager has as yet this position will be filled on Wednesday. All members of the Business Committee will be chosen by the Business Manager from those who applied for positions and this choice will be made public before January 1st. Considerable progress has already been made on the technical side of the production of "He Who Gets Slapped." A tentative cast has been drawn up but the final casting will be decided upon after the holidays.

Those who have been appointed to the Production Committee are asked to meet the Production Manager tomorrow at two o'clock in the Players' Club Office.

## WHAT'S ON

**TODAY**

5:00 p.m.—Inner Committee, Labour Club.

**DEC. 23**

Harvard-McGill Game, Hockey Informal.

## McGill S.C.M. To Have Unique New Year's Celebration

MEMBERS and friends of the McGill S.C.M. plan to celebrate the New Year on January 6, at a Hard Times Party, which will capitalize the depression by socializing the means of entertainment. Old clothes will be worn, although the Committee is aware that this has ceased to be a novelty. Dancing will be interspersed with skits and stunts. The Committee will gladly accept suggestions or offers in this connection. Members are urged to reserve this evening and to advise the Committee if they are coming.

The Committee is endeavouring to make the cost agree with the name, if not with the high-class programme which is offered.

## NOTICES

All notices must be turned into the Daily office in writing before 8:30 on the night previous to publication. Notices will not be received over the telephone.

### COMPANION WANTED

Will anyone who intends to motor to New York for Xmas, and who desires a passenger-driver to share expenses, please call MA. 4171 Local 1120, in the evening.

The rowing machines will be available to the members on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Turn out and use them, or have a run on the track.

Bill Tait will be in charge of these afternoon workouts.

### LABOUR CLUB

The Inner Committee of the McGill Labour Club will meet in Strathcona Hall at 5 p.m. today. Agenda: Final arrangements of details of the Labour Club magazine. Any students interested will be welcome.

### LOST

One black Waterman's fountain pen in Daily Office. Clip missing from pen. Please return pen to Bert Yates in Union.

## S.C.M. NOTES

**Tuesday's Events**

8:45 a.m.—Mr. Stewart's Group, S.H.  
1:00 p.m.—Miss Peden's Luncheon Group, S.H.  
3:00 p.m.—Miss Blumore's Group, S.H.  
4:00 p.m.—Social Committee—Important Meeting, S.H.  
8:00 p.m.—Mr. Dorcas Group, U.T.C.  
Miss Peden's Group, R.V.C.

### HARD TIMES PARTY

All members of study groups and friends of the S.C.M. are invited to attend the Hard Times Party on January 6th at Strathcona Hall. Keep this date open, and don't forget that Old Clothes must be worn—the seedier the better.

**CABINET MEETING**

There will be no meeting of the Cabinet this week.

## Favour Annexation Of U.S. By Canada

Government Triumphs At Junior Debaters' Mock Parliament

### KELLOWAY SPEAKER

John MacLeish, Prime Minister, Leads Party To Success

As a consequence of the vote expressed by the house in favour of the motion, "Resolved That Canada should annex the United States," passed at the Mock Parliament held by the Junior Debating League in the Union Music Room yesterday afternoon, the Hon. P. F. Vineberg, becomes first Prime-Ministering President of the Dominion of the United States of Canada.

The Government forces led by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. John MacLeish and supported by the Hon. A. I. Bloomfield, Minister of War, and the Hon. Ben Schechter, Minister of Peace, defeated the Opposition, under the leadership of the Rt. Hon. John Peacock, and his ministry headed by the Shadow-Postmaster-General, John W. Kerr. The Hon. L. N. Poch, leader of the Farmer-Socialist Party, gave his support to the opposition, but without avail.

The Rt. Hon. John MacLeish said "that conditions in the United States were as bad as they could be and that the people were past reformation. The only way their situation can be bettered," he stated, "is by annexing them; this measure will put an end to unemployment strikes and gangsters. The Rt. Hon. John Peacock suggested a means, which he said was more advantageous: War. 'This he said will kill off the few thousand unemployed we have to feed in this country and the United States will come out of their lethargy and organize the gangsters into an army.'"

After these two speeches the House was thrown open and a general discussion followed. The Hon. P. F. Vineberg, self-appointed Minister without Portfolio said that since 1929 the young crooners in this country have been crying for the Carolines. "If we annex the United States he said, we will be able to give them the Carolines with the other 46 states thrown in for good measure. He then proposed an amendment which gave him the presidency of the newly formed state, having for ministers the Hon. Alfonso Capone and the Hon. John Peacock.

### Scarlet Key Officers

The following officers were elected at the annual banquet of the Scarlet Key, held last week:

President—D. W. Small.  
Vice-Pres.—Douglas Cross.  
Secretary—John Riddell.  
Treasurer—W. Springer.

### Result Of Track Meet

According to the Boston University News the McGill-Boston track meet, to be held on March 11, will be won by Boston, 40 to 37.

### Holiday Dates

College will close for the Christmas and New Year vacations on Wednesday, December 21st. Lectures will be resumed on Thursday, January fifth.

**Reduced Rates Offered**

Students are again reminded that both Canadian railway companies are offering reduced rates for students over

the Christmas holidays. Return rates of one and one-quarter times the regular single fare enable many out-of-town students to return home over the vacation.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

AT THE

## WINDSOR HOTEL

Will be celebrated in time-honoured style, with Dancing, Supper and Special Entertainment—

Supper From 10.30 P.M.

Five Dollars Per Cover Plus Tax 40c

Dance Music By Maurice Meerte And His Windsor Hotel Orchestra

Make Reservations Now—Plateau 7181, Maitre D'Hotel

Club Breakfast Will Be Served From 4 A.M.

In Main Dining Room—75c

To Say More Than

## "Merry Christmas"

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| Racing Model, 6'8" to 7'6", per pair      | \$14.00 |
| Jumping Model, 7'6" to 8", per pair       | \$16.00 |

Other Models in Hickory, Maple and Ash also in stock.

|            |                  |              |           |              |
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| Ski-Wax    | Ski Harness      | Ski Climbers | Ski Poles | Ski Progress |
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Old Stock Ale  
for Xmas

Specially brewed to use the full power of the Enzymes in malt.

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THE "DOW" GIRL  
—health itself!

**Old Stock Ale**



# Celestial Snaggers

(Continued from Page 1)

ever, he decide rite away to lodge a complaint, so he freeze all along the corridor and at last arrive to the door of Sir Margrave. "Look here," sniffle the King, "I want to lodge a complaint." "Come down to the dungeon," bellow Sir Margrave, "an I will show you where I lodge complaints." "I don't mean that," say the King, "but I want heat and plenty of it." "O.K.," say Sir Margrave, "but dont get hot under the collar as it ain't made of cellaloid."

Next day Sir Margrave is hit upon a swell plan for to make his Castil as warm as any reception at R.V.C. He olloute to himself: "I will install central heating in my place," so he gathers all his forces and sets out to capture a fire-breathing dragon what lyes in a cave not far away. The dragon is the 1st original oil-burner because he lives oil by hisself. When they arrive at the cave they notice that all the snow is melt around the opening and they expect a grand hard battle, but to their consternation they find that the dragon is overcome with a attack of heartburn which he got from something he ate, no doubt. Anyway, they overcome this fire-breather with a fire extinguisher and place him horse de combat and at last put him in the cellars beneath that Castle. When the dragon came 2 of course he got awful terribil mad and started to breathe forth fire and vile epithets all over that room. Before very long the heat is come up thru the cracks in them walls and soon heats up all them rooms espically where the guests is eat their meals. Now that is where them fun starts.

There sits the King with 1 huge bowl of cooked peeches underneath his spoon. Along comes the chinese cook with a platter what is covered with eggs in each stage of cookery, and falling over his own feet he drops a egg in the King's fruit. "Ods bodkins," roars that choilek King, "somebody has been poaching in my preserves." With that he take a huge battle-axe from off the wall and commence to chase that Chinese cook around the room because he have a axe to grind. At last that celestial is disappear in another room where Sir Margrave's armour is hanging on a coat-hanger. By the way he keeps buck-shot in the pockets as moth-balls. Anyway, they search high and low and at last they find the Chnkn in the Armour.

After they have dispose of him to the King's delight, they all go back to the banquet with their golf-clubs to finish their course. When they get back—phooey — there is something terrible wrong with that heating system and the odor is so terrific that they have to vakate the place for sum fresh air. "I will have your head for this," explode his most corpulent Majesty, "you have play us a dirty trick. I will have your head for this. Wot did you put in that cellar?" Only a fire-breathing dragon to keep the place warm," say Sir Margrave. "I was trying to heat my Castil on a large scale." All at once a servant is run from the house and say "Its OKay to return, we have fix the dragon." Sure enouff, when they get back all is fix up and the King did not have to go to bed that night with a hot-water bottle. When he and his gang is leave that Castil to pay court to someone else, Sir Margrave is ask his servant how he fix things up. "Easy," say he, "all that was wrong with him was the fact that even his best friends wouldn't tell him, so I put some listerine in his drinking water." So that was how Sir Margrave did establish the first central heating system whot nearly plunge him into hot-water.

Hers wishing you have some fat puppies for Xmas, lots of Plump Poodling, as ever,  
Noji Fujimurahashi.

# ON THE NOSE

Yawning, Jimmy Harris pushed the litter of newspaper clippings, breeding records and old programs into a pile, and rose wearily to his feet. It had been a long task, but he felt it was well worth it. Well, he'd have to be up early tomorrow to make the last through train for the track. Sleepily he put out the light and turned in.

The last meet of the season took place next day, and Harris, with his usual impetuosity, had decided to venture all of what the season had left him in one last bet. Somehow, fortune had not been smiling very often for him that year, and now that it was practically all over, he had just a little over a thousand left to his name. If he could only get one decent break now, he thought, he'd be able to follow the southern meets in style, and spend a comfortable winter at La Juanita perhaps. So it was that he had gathered together every possible scrap of information on the next day's race and sat up till midnight, bringing all his hard-earned track-lore to bear on the delicate problems of 'spotting the winner.'

Unlike the majority of those who picked a living from under the horses' hoofs, he prided himself on his utter lack of superstition. Many and loud were the jeers he hurled at those who hunted winning horseshoes, carried clovers, believed in signs, and went through all the mysterious rites of the professional horse-backer. For himself, he always clung firmly to his beloved 'system.' As he had often confided to his friends, you just couldn't lose with it. In answer to those who pointed out that, after all, his method hadn't reaped golden gains, he pointed out that it was only a question of time—given time enough, he was sure to win. Yet in spite of all his bluster about 'scientific' betting, there were still traces of superstition in his Irish blood, though it would have been dangerous to tell him so.

Tomorrow's race—being an extra-special occasion for him, Jimmy had gathered information from every conceivable source on each horse, and, after an evening's hard work, he had narrowed the field down to two—Pegasus, and Long Shot. Further study weeded out Long Shot, who was more or less of a dark horse, and left him satisfied that Pegasus would be leader next day. That done, he dozed off.

That night Jimmy Harris had a dream, and, sure enough, it was about the race. He was in the stands waiting for the horses to break. Of a sudden the race was on, and he hurriedly threw his glasses into focus. Just as he had thought, Pegasus was in front. Faster and faster grew the pace; now he could hardly follow the whizzing forms through his glasses. The stands echoed to the name of Pegasus as the post drew near, but slowly a new note was making itself heard—someone was creeping up on the leader. Now another cry was being taken up—Long Shot, Long Shot. The end was almost at hand, but Pegasus seemed to have hoofs of lead, and a long brown body shot past—Long Shot wins!

Early next morning Jimmy opened his eyes and looked about him. The dream was still clear. Never could he remember having had such a vivid one. Slowly he rose and dressed, whistling thoughtfully between his teeth. True enough, Long Shot did have a chance, but his system had definitely picked Pegasus; still . . . But gosh, what was coming over him, anyhow? Hadn't he doped out Pegasus to win? Dreams didn't mean a thing anyway. Better stick to the system and play safe.

He ate his breakfast slowly and without much appetite. His habitual calm, gendered by a hundred meets, seemed to have deserted him. He glanced casually at his watch, then

leaped to his feet with an exclamation. He just had time to make the train. Desperately, he sprinted for the station, and clambered aboard, hot and perspiring, just as the train was pulling out. Somehow he couldn't seem to think straight. His troubled sleep and hasty bolt for the train had shaken him up, he thought. All the way to the track he tried to put aside all thoughts of that unfortunate dream. He engaged in conversation with the conductor and a couple of race fans, but all the while there kept running through his head in monotonous alternation—Pegasus, Long Shot; Pegasus, Long Shot.

The train was delayed somewhat, and he arrived at the track as a final triumphant roar told him the second event was over. His race was the third. He snatched a program from a passing hawk. Well, which was it to be, Pegasus or Long Shot? he asked himself. He snapped his fingers in sudden resolve. Pushing his way to the betting machines, he thought it over. Yes, he'd take a chance. No use standing about all day, he'd put his money on Long Shot to win, and see what happened. It was his turn at the wicket.

"Come on, come on," snapped the impatient clerk, "Wake up, there."

Hurriedly, he glanced at his program. "One thousand dollars on No. 5 in the third," he said, striving to keep his voice level, "and put it right on the nose."

A glance at the board told him they were offering 11 to 1 on Long Shot.

"Hello Jim, what's new?" cried a voice at his elbow. He stuffed the tickets in his pocket, and turned about: "Oh, nothing much Bob, just put a grand on Long Shot."

"What, that dog? He hasn't a Chinaman's chance."

"Well, we'll see."

Together they made their way to the stands. The horses were milling about before the barrier just as he had seen them last night and a thousand times before. His hand shaking a little, Jimmy adjusted his glasses. The barrier fell. There was a roar from the stands and a thunder of hoofs from the track. Jimmy's heart stood still! One horse was left rearing on the starting line. Was it Long Shot? No, some unknown. He turned his attention to the race. The horses were still bunched, but now they were starting to draw away. Three horses in front, Pegasus, King Cole, and—by all that's wonderful—Long Shot! They passed the half-mile post close together. Jimmy was dancing with excitement. Now they were in the home stretch. The drumming hoofs sounded even above the roar of the crowd. King Cole was weakening. The space grew wider. What a race! Pegasus and Long Shot, neck by neck they thundered down the track. Fifty yards to go! The pace was furious. But then first a nose, then a neck, then half a body crept ahead. A whip rose and fell furiously. There was a glimpse of brilliant orange silks as Long Shot forged ahead, a deafening shout, and the race was over.

Dazed with joy, Jimmy leaped the railings and raced for the wicket. There were a couple of happy winners ahead of him. Impatiently he waited. Twelve thousand dollars, what a haul! With a flourish, he presented his tickets. "Gimme" he demanded exultantly. The clerk looked at the tickets and then gazed blankly at him.

"I don't get you, mister, this horse didn't win," he said.

"What do you mean, didn't win?" gasped Jimmy, paling. "Of course Long Shot won. What's eating you, anyhow?"

"Long Shot?" echoed the clerk. "This ticket isn't on Long Shot, it's on Pegasus, he's No. 5."

# An Old Song Resung

(Continued from Page 1)

Marched up the street. Marched. The King's horses and the King's men The King's men marched up the street

And then The King's horses marched back again.

2.—A. E. Housman

The King's lads went past marching; His horses went beside;

All down the street went marching. Against whom did they ride?

The lads' coats all were golden, As Shropshire sedges are;

They were not ill beholden; Yet rode not forth to war.

3.—A. C. Swinburne

With the clash and the clang of their martial gear,

In the pride and the pomp of the King's array,

They marched as the legions of yesterday,

In the scarlet and gold of a long dead day.

Through the street resounding to fife and flute,

Where the hoof beat is heard above the lute,

And the red of their coats is the red of their blood,

They swept like the oceans in flood.

4.—J. E. Flecker

Watchman:

Ho men of war! Now tell me, to what land

Make you these caracoles upon this "Strand?"

Travellers in chorus:

We make the golden journey down the street

Unto that bourne where pomp and pleasure meet.

Watchman:

Say, who are ye, that champ upon the bit?

Horses:

We are the King's horses, master. What of it?

We go to put some pepper, so men say,

Or even pep, into the Lord Mayor's day.

Watchman:

And ye, ye bearers of these coloured coats?

Men:

Alack! We most importunate scape-goats!

We are his men, O master, curiously planned.

You see us marching here on either hand,

Yet, though we march, we go not forth to war.

Ours are the self-same errands that the horses' are.

Watchman:

Pass one, pass all.

Travellers (with a shout):

We make the journey there and back again.

5.—Qmar Kayyam

Methought I heard the voice of many cry

That here were many who rode forth to die;

And turning from the wine-cup's sweet embrace,

Behold, I saw both man and horse pass by.

Some talk there was of marching down some street;

Some prate of Kings and scarlet coats and beat

Of horses' hooves. But, Hatin, what these mean,

Perchance God knows; and he'll ne'er repeat.

ZED.

England is reported to be sinking to sea-level at the rate of nine inches every century. It isn't without good cause that so many people practise swimming the Channel.

# The Operatic and Choral Society

In order that the accounts may be settled and the treasurer's report drawn up, all those having any returns to make, whether exchange tickets or cash, should see the treasurer today in the box office of the Union between 12.30 and 1.30.

All those wishing to obtain the refund on their scores, should hand them in at the box office today or tomorrow at the same time as above.

## Christmas Holidays McGill University Library and University Book Club

The Library will be open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on:

Thurs., Dec. 22; Fri., Dec. 23; Tues., Dec. 27; Wed., Dec. 28; Thurs., Dec. 29; Fri., Dec. 30; Tues., Jan. 3; Wed., Jan. 4.

G. R. LOMER,  
University Librarian.

## A CHRISTMAS PARTY

I was a guest at a Christmas Party  
All were genial and full of life  
I most heartily enjoyed myself,  
Until late after midnight,

I then arose and thanked my host  
Dear Santa Claus as well,  
For kindness I received that night  
Made my heart with gratitude swell.

I thought about dally pleasures  
Which I enjoyed during the year  
A good measure of health and strength.  
A faith, and some friends to cheer;

What a wonderful gift is life  
Full of real happiness for me,  
If a thankful heart be a prayer,  
A prayer, ascended to heaven for me.

I retired to rest, and in a dream  
I was a guest at another party  
My reception was warm and sincere.  
The atmosphere was pure and hearty

I said this party is the best  
My host replied, We are making a test  
To honour Christmas in the heart  
And during the year its spirit to impart.

(H. B.)  
Arts year unknown.

P.S.  
Santa Claus has many requests  
Both from the young and the old  
Some long for certain presents  
Others desire more and more gold.

Gold is useful in a way  
But Providence makes us grateful  
For our pleasure every day.

"The END OF THE ROAD"

The Canadian Social Hygiene Council will bring the well known Veneral Disease picture, "The End of the Road" to Montreal at His Majesty's Theatre in January. With the picture there will be additional educational pictures dealing with the anatomy and physiology of reproduction, detailed information as to the technical aspects of Veneral Diseases and also a film emphasizing the need for medical examination before marriage.

The Canadian Social Hygiene Council is a national association carrying on health education work in all phases of health throughout the whole of Canada. The Council has as its aim the emphasizing of the need for prevention in order that the extremely high costs of unnecessary illness throughout the Dominion may be avoided.

While the cost of the Great War was approximately four hundred million dollars a year for four years, the cost of illness in Canada including the cost of post-ponable death is estimated to reach more than three times this amount every year, namely \$1,311,000,000. The Council's publications state that 180,000 people are constantly ill, and unable to work. The Council has taken an interest in such matters as pasteurization of milk, prevention of Diphtheria, periodic health examination, and the establishment of County Health Units.

Although final plans are not yet complete the Council is able to announce already that the Honourable L. A. David, Provincial Secretary, will preside at the opening showings of the pictures on January 2nd, 1933, and that a large group of well-known Montreal physicians will deliver addresses during the showings of the pictures.

EDGAR WALLACE  
Author of "The Green Pack"

Percy Hutchinson, the clever British actor-manager and producer who opens his third Canadian tour at His Majesty's on Monday, Dec. 26th, with Edgar Wallace's "The Green Pack," is a tremendous admirer of Wallace's works, versatility and generosity, and pays a great tribute to that popular and lamented author.

"Edgar Wallace," says Percy Hutchinson, "was a most extraordinary and talented man—with a delightful personality, and was the most generous and understanding of men." He had an almost uncanny sense of the theatre and weird skill in characterization, added to a mordant wit and natural

wealth of humour." "His humour," says Mr. Hutchinson, "came out of the characters themselves on the stage, and is both spontaneous and real."

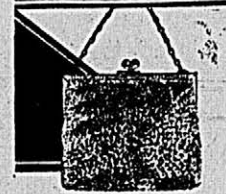
A free scholarship to be held at L'Ecole Polytechnique of the University of Montreal, offered by the Canadian Pacific Railway to minor sons of employees of the railway, was awarded to J. P. Lecavaller, 18-year-old son of Ephrem Lecavaller, chief clerk at the Mile End Station. The award entitles to five years study proceeding to the degree of Bachelor of Civil Engineering.

## Practical Gift Suggestions



The handbag sensation of the season,—the "Mull-Bag". Fine quality Antelope Suede, in Black, Brown, or Wine Red, with Marcasite ornament.

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## VISION OF BATTLE

(Continued from Page 2)

play first," he said.

"Nonsense," said our spokesman, careful not to be outmanoeuvred diplomatically, "the people stand firmly behind me."

"They don't."

"They do."

"They're for me."

"They're for me."

It looked as though the diplomatic bulls had locked horns, so that neither could gain an advantage. Finally the impasse was broken by the suggestion that a coin be tossed.

"Got a coin?" asked the sergeant.

"No, I don't get paid 'till Saturday," said the Kaiser.

Fortunately one of the German soldiers had a pennny. Wilhelm dropped it on the floor, and covered it with his foot.

"Heads or tails?" he asked.

"Heads" shouted the sergeant, his voice ringing with determination.

Heads it was, and England was victorious in the first encounter.

Our band played "God Save The King," followed by the school song. After that the Germans broke out into "Deutschland Ueber Alles" and "Die Wacht Am Rhein." Then we gave our school yell, and the Germans gave theirs.

Before the commencement of actual hostilities tea and cake were passed round to both sides, while the leaders explained the rules of the battle. The details are somewhat hazy in my mind, but I know that a football was used, and that the restrictions were of the mildest nature, tackling, tripping, and

punching being all legitimate. A whistle blew, and both sides rushed at one another. In a moment, the hall was filled with arms and legs and bodies thrashing about like mad, and the fight continued without a breather for half-an-hour. At the end of that time a whistle blew, and we stood at attention, while the Kaiser told us to wait a moment till he fixed his shoelace. When he had done up his shoelace, we continued. Schleiger was fighting as hard as any, and I was rather wishing he would come up against me, so that we could have it out. Sure enough someone on our team passed me the ball, and immediately Schleiger and two others of the foe jumped on me and pushed me over, taking the ball. The whirlwind of fighting swept by, leaving Schleiger and myself sitting on the floor.

"There must be a mistake," he said, looking at me rather sheepishly.

"If there is, you've made it," I answered shortly.

He looked at the khaki of my uniform and the grey of his own and then exclaimed "That's it, I'm on the wrong side."

"Obviously," I replied coldly, confident that I was on the right side. Then, after a pause, "It's your fault, isn't it? You snubbed me, your Kaiser snubbed the Prime Minister, hence these international complications," and I pointed to the fighting about me.

He rushed out, and in a moment returned, attired in khaki, and joined our side in the fight. I am a little hazy about what happened then, but I know we were winning, and I was chasing the Kaiser all around the hall, shouting to him to stop and fight, when I awoke . . .

Schleiger called on me this morning and apologized for his action of the previous day. We soon made up our misunderstanding and were again warm friends. When I told him of last night's dream he was amazed, and we later went up to the school together to see the cadets. Needless to say, nothing of any consequence occurred.

## TRAGEDY IN TWO SCENES

(Continued from Page 2)

Mrs. BAK. This is my husband. I've heard so much about you, blah, blah, blah . . .

DBR, 792, M: (Aside) Blah . . .

. . .

(Time passes, and end of opera approaches). Both DBR, 792's have become segregated in a corner. M. emits a sigh, and immediately looks guiltily at F.

DBR, 792, F: It's not as interesting as I thought it would be. I'm sorry I didn't take your advice and stay at home. Even Mrs. BAK proved disappointing; she was positively vulgar. I don't suppose she'll even remember us now, let alone speak to her husband about you . . . Over at last! (The opera ends, and people crowd out). Oh Hello Mrs. BAK, wasn't it a lovely performance. We're the 792's, you remember. I think it's the most beautiful opera I've ever attended. Wonderful genius, the composer. And wasn't the soprano simply glorious; her voice thrilled me. Hubby was just raving to me about her, that is her voice, I mean, weren't you Boris? He is so interested in modern music. (The crowd separates them). Well Boris, that's diplomacy; the soprano is her protegee, and she thinks we don't know it. These technocrats may be important and not look it, but their wives make up for them.

(They reach the elevator, and enter with the DBR, 791's. The two M's look significantly at each other, but are silent during the ascent to their residences. The F's enthuse over the "lovely opera.")

Curtain.